THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1754

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 2, 1933

MOTHER AND SON

Queen Mary and Prince George at Harewood House during the Recent Royal Visit to Yorkshire

On their way north from Sandringham to Balmoral, the King and Queen spent several days in Yorkshire with the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood. This charming picture of the Queen and her fourth son was taken during the Royal visit to Harewood House. Later Prince George joined the Marquess of Anglesey's house party at Plas Newydd, where Princess Ingrid of Sweden was also spending a long week-end before her return home. The Prince and Princess, who share many tastes in common, have met several times this summer, but their visit to North Wales was the first occasion on which they were able to enjoy a holiday unattended by the full glare of publicity. Prince George has now rejoined the King and Queen at Balmoral where the Royal party are, as usual, spending their September and early autumn holiday

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

QUEEN FOR A WEEK: The Mayor presents Southend's Carnival Queen with the insignia of her office

A LONDON

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 30, 1933.

THE LANSDOWNE LETTER.—Mr. Bernard Shaw was never a man who feared to speak his mind, and he last week (in *The Daily Telegraph*) unburdened it on the subject of Lord Lansdowne's peace letter. It has made him sick, as it has made many another less articulate man, to read the half-hearted and tardy justification of a statesman who during the War was sacrificed to the moral cowardice of our race. All wars (and the Great War *imprimis*) are as remarkable for instances of moral cowardice as of physical courage, and that moral cowardice was responsible between 1914 and 1919 for an infinity of cruelty and injustice. It needed as brave a man to write the Lansdowne letter as to earn a V.C. The nation almost to a man during the War years was terrified of being called half-hearted or cowardly, and in that panic all power of judgment disappeared and all power of clear vision and individual freedom of thought. The nation became a flock of sheep driven forward by the dogs with the loudest bark. And now, when we have bitterly tasted the horrors which the continuation of the War caused and which the late Lord Lansdowne by his courage and vision endeavoured to avert, he is still further damned with faint praise (as an act of tardy justice) in the columns of the great journal which refused to print his letter. Small wonder that one of the few really courageous writers and thinkers of our day has taken in hand the defence of Lord Lansdowne in the journal which did not fear to print his statesmanlike letter.

AN ACT OF RETRIBUTION.—The men at the front were inarticulate. Had they possessed any voice they would have cried their approval of it from the house-tops as they did in the dug-outs; but their voices, drowned by the crash of shells, were unheard by the leaders at home who were as ignorant of the horrors to come as of the present horrors of war itself. There are thousands of Englishmen who have read the correspondence in *The Times* with feelings of shame. They feel that the whole vital question has been begged. It is not a question of whether Balfour approved or Hardinge's agreement was implied; it is a question of whether Lord Lansdowne was right or wrong, and that question History has answered. Lord Lansdowne has been justified to the hilt as one of the few courageous, far-seeing, patriotic, and single-minded statesmen of the War period, and that being so, instead of criticizing his official methods of procedure, the whole nation should in sackcloth and ashes pay unqualified tribute at this late hour to his martyred reputation. It needs no bolstering up with evidence of the passive concurrence of other and not necessarily greater statesmen.

MR. ELLIOT.—I waited to see what the public might say of Mr. Elliot's expressed desire to be known as plain Mr. Elliot. I do not subscribe to the view which has been aired, that the use of military titles by "civilians" after the War was "an acute form of snobbishness." The truth is rather that the discarding of them became extraordinarily difficult. No "old comrade" in the ranks or even the commissioned ranks would forgo the title in writing to one; the servants had grown used to it and his womenfolk knew no better. The Captain must remain Captain, the Major Major, willy nilly. But I certainly expected to read in print the theory that, as a future Prime Minister of England, Mr. Elliot was right to make one last fight to lose his title. A Premier is like a Derby winner in one respect, his name must conform to tradition. Ladas—yes; Ragbag—no! Mr. Smith—yes; Major Smith—no. In English history you would have to search with a toothcomb for instances of Premiers bearing military titles, or for that matter holding medical degrees. Addington was, it is true, known to his contemporaries as "the Doctor." That is about as near as you will go. Mr. Elliot—very promising! Major—no.

WHAT EVERY DRAPER KNOWS.—A great deal of important philosophic truth emerged from the Drapers' Summer School at Oxford where a subject of universal appeal was thrashed out and clarified—the philosophy of women's clothes. Mr. Holbrook Jackson dropped some tremendous bombs or bricks. He began with the paradox that women are to-day too shy to wear clothes. They go about naked from sheer modesty or, alternatively from sheer snobbery. Mr. Jackson argues that the female leg is, unadorned, an ugly, even obscene thing; and as regards the bulk of womankind (which has legs like pineapples) I agree with him. But, clad in silk, the best sort of female leg is endurable, even attractive. Very well, then. Until silk stockings came within the reach of all, women wore long skirts to hide the obscenity of pineapples swathed in cotton and wool. (Query: Why did not Queen Elizabeth, who had a monopoly in silk stockings in her day, wear short skirts?) When silk stockings became the normal wear of the masses, the classes from snobbishness took to their skins. Now, as Lord Curzon observed to his surprise, the skin of the masses is not inferior in texture to the skin of the classes. The Colonel's lady and Biddy O'Grady are sisters not only under but in their skins. The classes made a false move when they fell back on nakedness instead of reacting to Victorian over-clothing.

BACK TO EDEN.—Mr. Jackson was quite certain that the craze for nakedness was a false move into which the vain majority of the sex was blindly led by the earnest and industrial minority. Business women realized (says he) that success for women in industry depends on their shedding their sex-appeal. Sex-appeal is a great handicap in business. The uglier you are the higher you rise—in business. And the more clothes you remove, the uglier you become, if you are a woman. These are the views not necessarily of all women or of the present writer, but of all drapers and of Mr. Holbrook Jackson. All would at least agree that a fat woman's red arms and blistered back inspire neither sentiment nor romance. And Mr. Jackson adds that women will not find out the cardinal error of the movement for years to come. He foresees the day coming when the draper will shut his shutters and the tattooist alone will carry out woman's dress ideas. The age of woad is dawning, and I happen to know where a quantity of woad can be obtained; but the exact position I am keeping to myself. It is all very interesting and very subtle. If the drapers and dressmakers feel worried, I would comfort them with the thought that our normal English summers will return and kill the nudist fashion.

DARTMOUTH EN FÊTE: Yachts at anchor in the river during the Royal Dart Yacht big "J" class yachts, but, *Britannia* having gone to Cowes as the result of Mr. Paul's *Astra* were starters. For once the great all-steel cutter was outraced and with a clear lead of over four minutes. Although the programme was restricted, and gave spectators a thrilling day's

NAZI-ER THAN EVER.—In Germany, even to-day, business is business and the arrogance of Hitlerism must cringe to the foreigner who comes "bearing gifts" in the form of good tourists' money to be spent in the Fatherland. Therefore the U.S. Ambassador received a humble apology for the recent outrage on an American doctor for failing to show the respect he may well not have felt for an exhibition of Nazi truculence. Henceforward (Hitler wisely decides) foreigners (with money to spend) need not bow down in the House of Rimmon while their money lasts; and it is fair to say that nineteen tourists out of twenty visit Germany without experiencing any unpleasant manifestation of Nazi tyranny. But it is doubtful if the concession will attract to Germany yet awhile a big influx of decent foreigners, though the present reign of tyranny may attract the sadist and the nasty-minded. The punishment of the "scarlet letter" must to-day, by

NEWSLETTER

Americans especially, be regarded as a cruel and barbarous practice of the dark ages, and it is unlikely that many countrymen of Hawthorne could look without disgust on the spectacle of young girls being led shaved, stripped, and placarded through the streets of German towns by gangs of hooligan youths, on the unproved charge of association with Jews. The acts of some of his unbalanced followers is making Hitler's name stink in civilized societies.

ROAD AND RAIL.—While railway companies and their investing proprietors are rubbing their emaciated hands over the welcome weekly statistics of increased passenger receipts, motor coach proprietors are trying to wring permission for the introduction of cut "winter" fares a fortnight in advance of mid-September. If the fortnight's concession be won, it is short enough and in my view too short a time in which to stop the rot or stem the flowing tide of reaction. The truth, as I see it, is this: the first courageous pioneers of motor coaching found the travelling public ready and willing. It was justly incensed at the long and arrogant tyranny of the rail monopoly and was immensely attracted by the novelty and economy which road transport offered. But it never really believed that road travel for long distances could compare in comfort with rail travel—the agony of night travel by road was a convincing experience to many—and when the railways were able to compete in scale of fares, and introduced new attractions, born of tardy humility, the public gladly returned to the permanent ways. To-day the road transport business is hopelessly overcrowded, and in this continuing price-cutting warfare between road and rail it is inevitable that all the weakest road interests will go to the wall and at least probable that the railways, with what is left of their once vast resources, will outlast the stronger road companies whose best hope lies to-day not in price cutting warfare but in seeking compromise and amalgamation of interests.

HOMERIC.—The self-respecting journalist nowadays does his best to avoid the hard-minted phrases of journalese, but in describing two county matches played out last week, while I manage to resist the adjective "sensational" I fall back inevitably on "homeric." Yorkshire was beaten at Dover by Kent, and I wish I had been there. It was a match of first-class thrills. Kent made 332. Yorkshire passed this total for six wickets and declared. Verity skittled out Kent in the second innings for 133, taking 9 wickets for 59. And then it was "all over bar the shouting." But that was to underrate the glory of cricket. Those two supermen, Freeman and Marriott, sent the champions back for 88 in the nick of time. Meanwhile, at the Oval also history was making. After two days of dull cricket, Middlesex had made 188 to Surrey's 231. In the second innings, thanks to Hendren, Middlesex made 289, leaving Surrey 247 to make to win in two and a half hours. 100 runs an hour is far beyond the normal pace in county cricket; but Surrey went for it, and got the runs with three minutes to spare. The next fixture at the Oval (Surrey v. Yorks) was admittedly a sad falling back. But Sussex's victory over Yorkshire at Hove was the best thrill of the season. County cricket invariably wakes up and takes notice when the championship is decided.

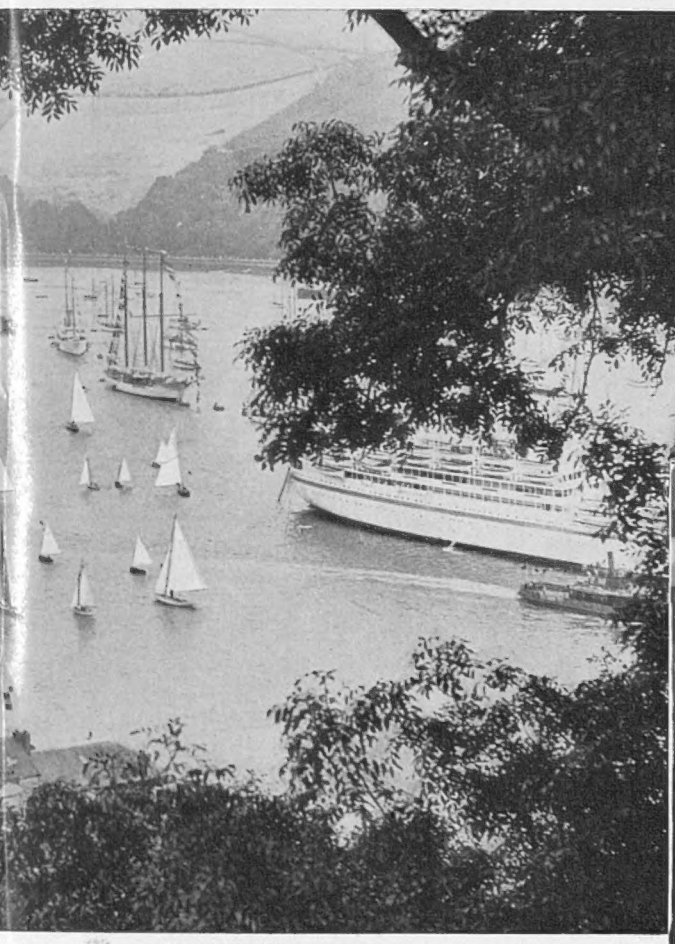
HOMER NODS.—Talking of Homer, a "Constant Reader" *(nom de guerre* most loved by journalists) writes to me to point out that when recently I referred to "Queen Victoria in the retirement of widowhood while Tennyson was writing 'In Memoriam,'" I had forgotten that Prince Albert died in 1861 and that "In Memoriam" was published in 1850. And he added: "*Aliquando bonus dormitat—ne Homerus?*" Now I might have torn up his letter and remained silent about my *lache*. But, bless you, I glory more in having "Constant Readers" (quite a few) who read the "Newsletter" with sufficient care and interest to spot howlers, than in fostering an impossible and inhuman accuracy or omniscience. My quarrel with Ministers of the Crown and with sober leader-writers is that very pose of omniscience and accuracy. It is human to err, human to be inconsistent, and both the arts of governing and of writing should be based on humanity. I thank "Constant Reader" for his interest. Homer nodded. Dr. Johnson was hopelessly ignorant of the points of a horse and gloried in his ignorance. Why not I then? May I add that "Constant Reader" proves himself essentially human, also?

A TELEPHONE DRIVE.—Sweden scored an easy victory over our P.M.G. who returned from his busman's holiday a telephone convert, an electrically-minded neophyte. If Sweden can have a telephone in every cottage bedroom and every shack, surely England can. Sweden shops, talks, thinks, and summons its servants and agents by telephone, and England must do the same. The present gentle and polite propaganda of the P.O. must be intensified and the P.M.G., a muezzin, must call to the faithful from the house-tops. In Sweden, the P.M.G. noted, the rates are low. Aye, there's the rub. No doubt, if the cottager and villa-dweller could get his juice for a penny a unit, he would tap in to the ugly grid system. But while he is invited to become electrically-minded at 8d. a unit, he remains unimpressed and hidebound, and buys oil lamps and anthracite cooking stoves. And so with the telephone. You must risk lowering your rates before you can reap your harvest from trebled subscribers. It seems to me that that breadth of mind and vision, that faith in industry, are the first lessons we need to learn from abroad.

PONS ASINORUM.—Naturally we cannot leave it at that. We have lost temporarily at least one air (or was it land or water?) speed record and the Bridge international "honours" (the *mot juste* in speaking of a Bridge match), and accordingly we are massing for the attack by organizing the means to victory. The "M.C.C. of Bridge" is to come into being. The National Bridge Association of G.B. is to be formed to represent players throughout the country. It aims to attract 5,000 representatives of Bridge clubs and to organize tournaments and international matches. An attempt will be made to bring Ireland in and make a grand slam of it. While the N.B.A.G.B. deprecates Americanization, it has borrowed the experience of Mr. Culbertson in shaping its scheme, and does not conceal the fact that it intends to learn from America, *imprimis*, to get wise about that no-trump convention of his which played such havoc with our national braves on the emerald field at Selfridge's. The clubs are rallying with stout hearts, and it is a diamond to a banana that those United States will need a spade for their reputation long before the last trump sounds.

STAR SETS.—It seems to be harder to quit the position of woman tennis champion than to hold it—at any rate Lenglen and Mrs. Moody found it so. Each on the ground of indisposition disappointed the fickle crowd which rather hoped to see them humiliated. That Mrs. Moody was off colour when she threw up the sponge to Miss Jacobs, there seems no doubt. But when it is remembered what immense reserves of power a champion woman player must possess, it is inevitable that a charge of unsportsmanlike conduct should be brought against her. The crowd is fickle, but the sweets of championship, while they last, are compensatory; and it is up to one who has had the adulation of a queen, to go down with colours flying.

THE OLD STAGER

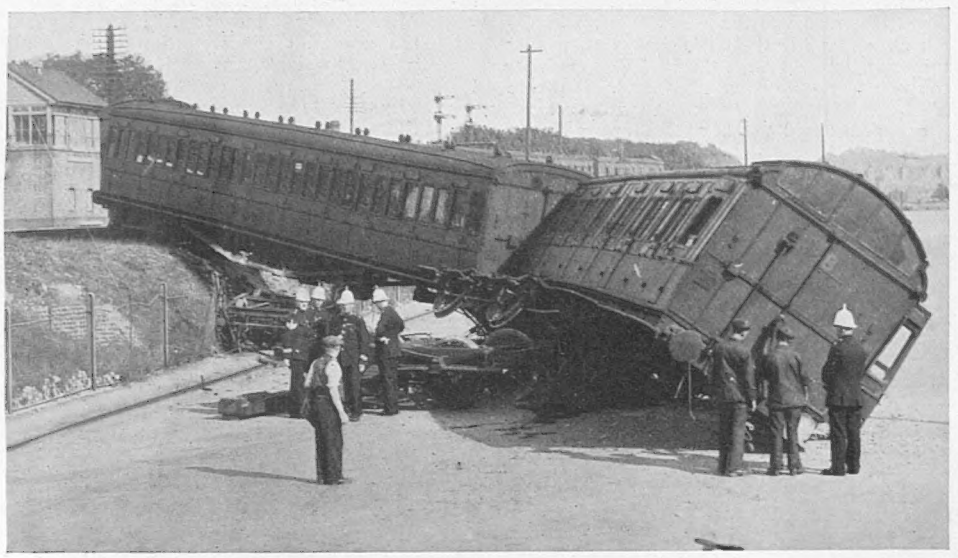


lub Regatta. The programme was headed by a match for the er mishap at Torquay, only Mr. Stephenson's *Velsheda* and *stra*, with the wind to her liking, won the first and only round he smaller yachts provided some excellent contests in the harbour port at close quarters

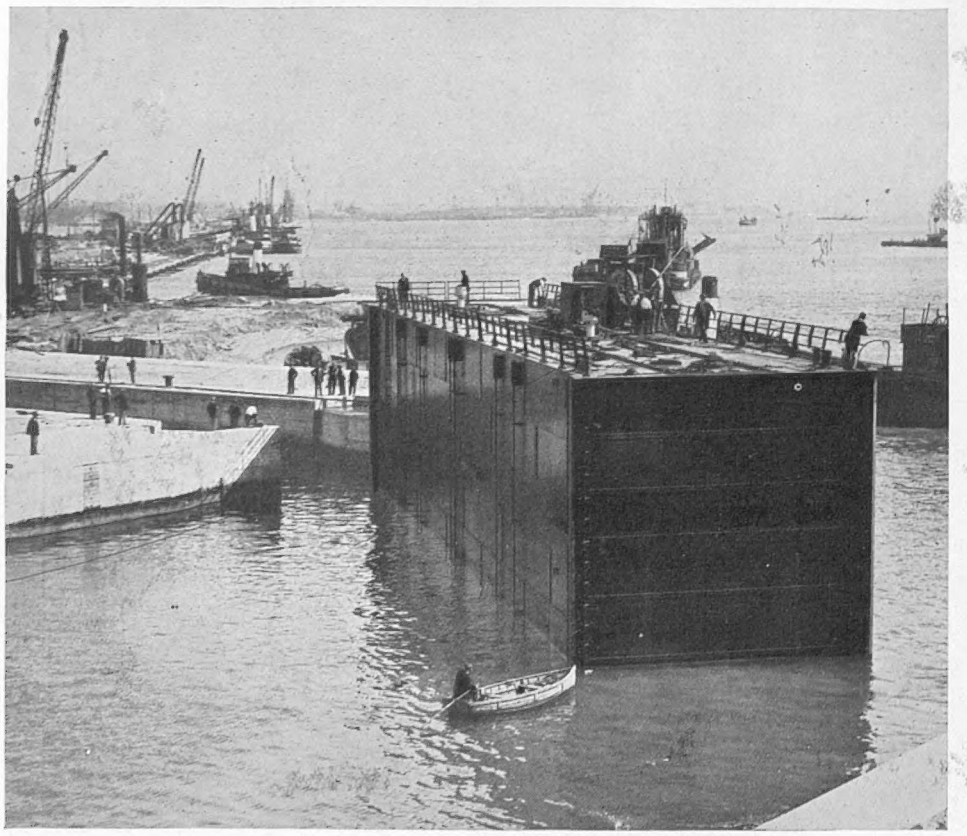
SOLVING THE WORLD WHEAT PROBLEM: Some of the delegates of the twenty-one nations who met at Canada House to sign the new pact which has been drawn up to meet the difficulties created by world wheat over-production. Left to right—Mr. Murphy (United States), Mr. R. B. Bennett (the Canadian Prime Minister), and the Right Hon. Stanley Bruce (Australia)

TO INVESTIGATE INDIA'S COTTON MARKETS: Sir Edward Crowe (left) saying good-bye at St. Pancras before leaving for India with the Lancashire Textile Industry Delegation. Sir Edward, who was made Comptroller-General of the Department of Overseas Trade in 1928, will confer with Indian and Japanese experts on the trade difficulties existing between the three countries

A LAUNCH ON THE CLYDE: The new motor ship, *Malaita*, seen after leaving the stocks at Messrs. Barclay Curle's yards, Glasgow. The vessel, which is over 4,500 tons, will run on the Burns Philp "Island Service" from Sydney



RUNAWAYS AT MARGATE: These railway coaches, which children are believed to have released from Nash Court Sidings, Margate, ran for nearly a mile down the track before crashing into the buffer stops and toppling over a 12 ft. embankment into a neighbouring goods yard. The remainder of the carriages blocked the main line and caused a considerable delay to traffic



CLOSING THE WORLD'S LARGEST GRAVING DOCK: Bringing the giant steel caisson into position at the entrance of the new King George V dock, Southampton. The caisson, which displaces about 4,500 tons of water, is 138½ ft. long, 58½ ft. high, and 29½ ft. wide. It was completed and launched in April from a slipway on the Tees and afterwards towed down the coast to Southampton

A "SPHERE" SURVEY

of Current Events

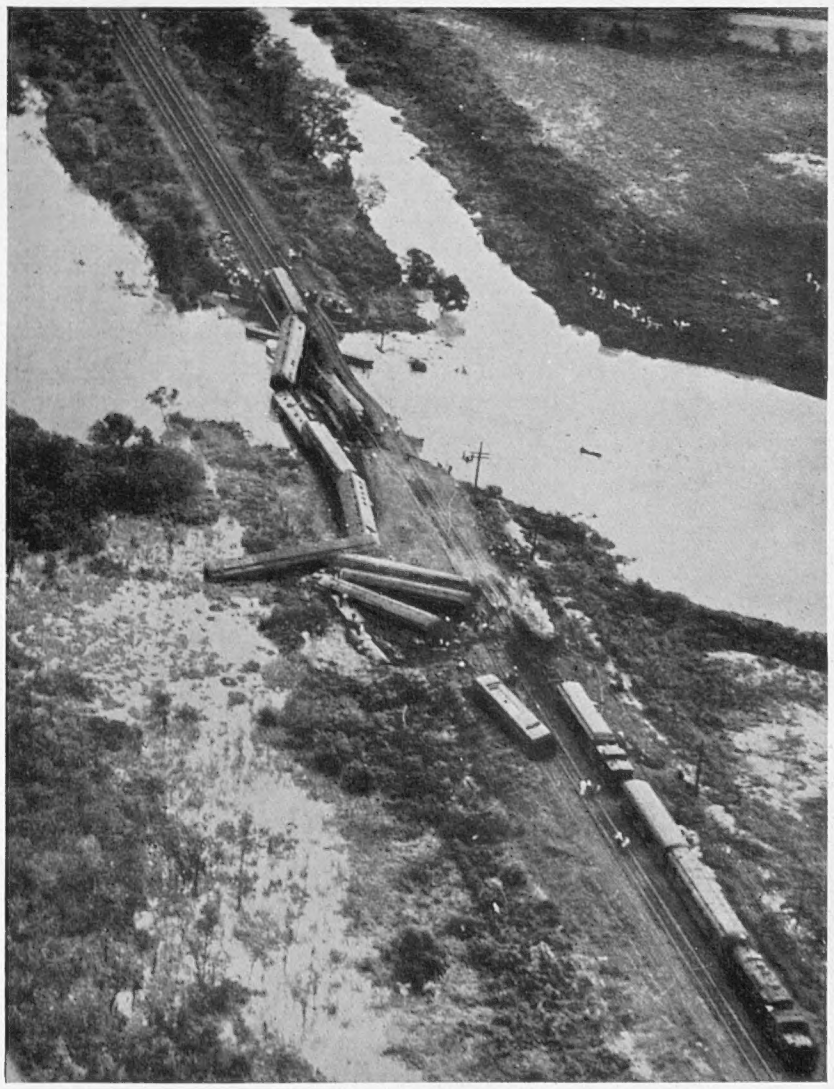
GENERAL O'DUFFY addressing a gathering of 5,000 of his Blue Shirts at Bandon, near Cork. In order to hold the meeting the General and his followers had to outwit the Civic Guard who were posted on the roads to meet the demonstrators on their way to the rendezvous

THE COLORADO BEETLE COMES TO TOWN: Fumigating the soil on the allotment near Tilbury where evidence of the potato pest was discovered recently by an entomologist employed by the Ministry of Agriculture. Prompt measures have been taken to combat the danger

AERIAL PIONEERS: Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh arriving in Reykjavik, Iceland, during their survey of the Northern flying route between the United States and Europe. The couple have several times been reported missing

AT THE TANNENBERG AND "R 101" MEMORIALS

GERMANY'S MEN OF DESTINY: Chancellor Adolf Hitler, President Hindenburg, and Captain Goering attending the celebration at the Tannenberg Monument in memory of those who died at the battle which freed East Prussia from Russian occupation. It was here that Hindenburg's outstanding military prowess was most forcibly revealed to the Allied Powers during the first years of the Great War



WRECK OF THE "CRESCENT, LIMITED": An aerial view of the scene of disaster after a New York–New Orleans express had crashed on the flood-weakened bridge across the Anacostia River during the recent hurricane

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE "R 101" DISASTER: The monument which is being erected in the little village of Allonne, some three kilometres from Beauvais, where the great aerial catastrophe took place on October 5, 1930

ONE MONTH of HISTORY

o o o A Survey of Current Events During August, 1933

The World on Holiday amid sunshine and highest temperatures (one London night was the hottest for ninety-two years, and in New York many deaths from heat were reported). Record multitudes and road casualties for Bank Holiday. As usual, Mr. Baldwin at Aix and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at Lossiemouth, meeting Sir J. M. Barrie in "Thrums." Britain, peaceful except for a tithe war in East Anglia. Not so peaceful were

(1) Ireland, where Mr. de Valera "proclaimed" General O'Duffy's "Blue Shirt" National Guard;

(2) Cuba, where general strike led to savage repression, followed by famine, savage revolution, and the deposition of Dictator Machado;

(3) India's North-West Frontier, Iraq (where Arabs massacred Assyrians), and Morocco (where the French finally conquered the Berbers in the Atlas mountains);

(4) The Austro-German border, across which pro-Nazi and anti-Austrian propaganda flitted by wireless and leaflet bombing.

Money flowed freely and despite the heat and the holidays a considerable boomlet developed in the City and on Wall Street.

AMERICA'S BLUE EAGLE.—Strikes and other troubles punctuated Mr. Roosevelt's Blue Eagle campaign to "blanket" all trades in the U.S. with a national code of wage increase and shorter hours. In oil, steel, and coal and the motor industries it became evident that a theoretical command to prosper must adapt itself to the human element.

The Blue Eagle campaign was vigorously carried on among shopkeepers and the populace, reinforced by propaganda leaflets from army aeroplanes, widespread and effective ballyhoo, and General Johnson's exhortations to "buy now before prices go up, as they are certain to do." It was calculated that by August 24, one-third of all the employers in the U.S. had signed on the Blue Eagle's dotted line. The President, in a speech, claimed that the N.I.R.A. was definitely succeeding, and that America's Downward Drift had become an Upward Surge. His campaign is to end on September 5, when it is hoped that millions among the 14,000,000 formerly unemployed may have found work.

FIRE-RAISING MELODRAMA.—The longest trial in British legal history (thirty-three days in court, following twenty-six days for magisterial proceedings) ended at the Old Bailey when sixteen men were sentenced to serve fifty years imprisonment between them for a vast fire-raising conspiracy. The aggregate sentences amounted to 284 years; the cost of the trial was £100,000. Mr. Justice Humphreys' summing-up was spread over three days; and 100,000 documents were handled in the intricate prosecution. The jury were supplied with diagrammatic charts, "looking like a cross-word puzzle," with the indictments set out across the top, and the defendants' names vertically in the margin below. Blank squares had to be filled up with the verdicts.

Camillo Capsoni, an Italian "of great ability" on his own confession started several fires after experimenting with the method—a taper in a celluloid tray near to which fabric draperies were suspended. It was through Capsoni turning "King's evidence" that convictions were made possible. The judge described him as "a highly dangerous and disreputable type of criminal, a blackmailer. . . . I regret that when you have delivered your verdict I shall not be able to pass upon him the sentence he so richly deserves." Capsoni and his wife, another fire-raiser, saved themselves by confessing everybody's guilt.

CONSPIRACY EXTRAORDINARY. — The trial revealed arson and conspiracy to defraud insurance companies on a colossal scale; £500,000 was the sum said to have been netted through planned fires, generally in silk or fabric businesses in London, Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere. The actual sum involved in the indictments was approximately £270,000.

The gang had been under suspicion for years before the start of the investigations, which then lasted for two years before arrests were made. Fourteen separate fires were the subjects of the indictments. Invoices were faked, stocks over-insured, and the buildings fired.

Leopold Harris, wealthy, head of a well-known firm of assessors, and arch-conspirator, known to his accomplices as "the Prince," not only financed the businesses and "arranged" the fires—as assessor he put the claims through—and as part owner of a salvage business he "clicked" on sales of soiled stock. One of the convicted boasted that "police and fire brigades are in it." Leopold Harris, sent to gaol for fourteen years (his total sentences aggregated 168 years), at once proceeded to sign for a Sunday paper his reminiscences, in which he stated that many others, unarrested and in positions of trust, took part in the conspiracy.

IRISH STEW IN IRISH JUICE.—General O'Duffy, ex-Chief of the Irish Free State Civic Guard, and head of the new semi-Fascist National Guard (the "Blue Shirts") fell under Mr. de Valera's ban on possession of arms (which has never been enforced, however, against the secret "Irish Republican Army.") General O'Duffy declared that his Guards were an unarmed body, and announced a parade of Blue Shirts on Leinster Lawn, Dublin, to honour the memory of Griffiths, Collins, and Kevin O'Higgins. Rumours were spread that the parade was to mask a *coup d'état* to seize the buildings and overthrow the government but O'Duffy ridiculed the idea.

Blue Shirts poured into Dublin. The Government enrolled a new specially enlisted force, gave it sub-machine guns and tear gas bombs, and placed it on duty over Parliament House and the Government buildings. Martial law was proclaimed by invoking ex-President Cosgrave's Public Safety Act, which de Valera had himself denounced and suspended. The Blue Shirt parade was forbidden as "likely to interfere with the maintenance of law and order." The Army and Civic Guards stood ready until, at the tense last moment, General O'Duffy called off the parade.

General O'Duffy next announced district demonstrations for the following Sunday throughout the Free State, although the Government warned him that if he persisted the Blue Shirts would be "proclaimed." The Blue Shirt leaders banked on the Irish love of the forbidden to swell the roll of his forces. In despite of de Valera's ban the Blue Shirts held their district parades, and claimed that at least one was held in each county. Mr. de Valera proclaimed the Blue Shirts an illegal body, but carefully refrained from arresting men and women for the wearing of the Blue. General O'Duffy, on the last Sunday in August, hoodwinked soldiers and detectives by changing cars and spreading inaccurate rumours, whereby he was able to demonstrate on the spot in County Cork where Michael Collins was killed.

TOWARDS A REPUBLIC.—In the Dail, three new de Valeran Bills were read a first time, amending the Irish Free State Constitution by:

(1) Abolishing the right of appeal to the King in Council.

(2) Transferring to the Free State Government the function now reserved for the King (through the Governor-General) to recommend appropriation.

(3) Abolishing the King's power to withhold or reserve assent from legislation.

ASSYRIAN MASSACRE.—An ominous aftermath of Britain's relinquishment of the Iraq mandate concerned the Assyrian Christians, a colony of 30,000 in a Moslem country who, having fought for Britain in the War, were promised facilities as a separate community. Dissatisfied with Iraq conditions 1,300 of them recently entered French-mandated Syria. The Iraq Government refused to readmit them unless they surrendered the rifles they obtained as British levies. They then fought and defeated an Iraqi force.

Possibly in revenge but also due to the racial hatreds of Kurdish irregulars, some 300 Assyrians unconnected with the rebellion were put to death; their villages north of Mosul were burned and their women and children left in "a pitiable condition."

Britain issued strong warning against further massacres. Sir Francis Humphrys, British Ambassador to Iraq, cut short his leave and hurried to Bagdad. King Feisal, taken suddenly and fortuitously ill, would see nobody. It was announced that he might fly to Switzerland for his health. He would thus be near Geneva, where the League of Nations (of which Iraq is the newest member) was to consider the Assyrian troubles.

CUBAN HEEBEJEEBES. — In hot-blooded Havana, home of crooning, Cuban moons and dance delirium, a general strike turned to revolution. It had been simmering for months over fiery indignation against Presidential tyranny. A week after it began forty people were killed, 200 wounded in a massacre, when false rumours of the resignation of President Machado drew rejoicing crowds to the palace, and police and soldiers opened fire with machine guns.

Essential services stopped, shops closed, food was unobtainable by the poor. Three U.S. warships were sent to safeguard U.S. interests, and a virtual ultimatum told Cuba to settle her strike rebellion within twenty-four hours, or else U.S. would "recognize the situation as one of the greatest gravity." President Machado, ignoring the ultimatum, declared Cuba in a state of war, placed the army in control, hurried troops and machine guns to sandbag barricades and strategic points.

The army rebelled. The president "sought leave of absence," fled to Camp Columbia, Cuba's airport, and took aeroplane for the Bahamas, while the inflamed populace were trying to find and kill him. The Chief of the General Staff became military dictator for forty-eight hours, after which Dr. Carlos Cespedes, son of Cuba's first revolutionary president, took office. Mobs rioted through the street, looted for joy, broke up or burned Government buildings, danced and made love in the streets, to celebrate the new regime. The Porristas, Machado's secret police who had terrorized during his regime, were sought out and shot in cold blood. Thereafter, some sort of order was restored.

CENTRAL EUROPE AT SEA. — Britain, France and Italy made polite protests to the German Government against Nazi propaganda in Austria, and invoked the new Four-Power Pact when calling attention to methods of disturbing the peace by dropping leaflets from German aeroplanes over Salzburg, and by continual radio attacks on the Austrian Government from South German wireless stations. It was understood, according to messages from the Italian Ambassador, that the German Government would "do its best" to prevent a repetition of these activities.

The best was not very good. Another attack on the Austrian Government was broadcast from Munich by the Nazi "Inspector for Austria," who described the Austrian Government as "a gang of terrorists kept in office by anti-German countries, especially France, against the wishes of an Austrian majority." Other and similar broadcasts followed.

The German Press announced that the 1,000-mark tax on German visitors to Austria—more potent Nazi weapon than radio abuse—was paid by only eight people in July, against 9,800 German tourists to Austria in July, 1932.

Dr. Dollfuss, Austria's small Chancellor, flew the Adriatic to see Signor Mussolini at Riccione, where the Duce was visiting his daughter, Edda. Dr. Dollfuss hired a boat and rowed out to where Mussolini was bathing. Signor Mussolini climbed into the skiff, and steered it seaward while the two statesmen engaged in animated talk. The meeting was one of extreme cordiality according to the Austrian rower. Signor Mussolini "showed a full understanding of the need to maintain Austrian independence. . . . Every question of interest to Austria and Central Europe was examined."

It was assumed that Duce and Chancellor discussed not only the Nazi menace to Austria, but also a form of economic co-operation between Austria, Italy, Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia, as well as trade facilities between Austria and Italy.

JUST TWO HELENS.—Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody lost the American woman's lawn tennis championship to Miss Helen Jacobs by 6—8, 6—3, 0—3, by walking off the court when at a disadvantage in the third set, on the ground that her back hurt and she was in danger of collapse. Part of the crowd booed, and sides were taken as to whether she could have continued to the end of the match.

Mrs. Mallory, the former champion, declared: "I believe Mrs. Moody knew she was defeated, and I believe that is why she walked off the court." Miss Helen Jacobs pronounced: "There is no doubt that Helen Wills-Moody quit because she was afraid of permanent disability from her exertions."

She added, though: "Right up to the last minute I must admit that I saw no indication that she was going to collapse . . . I have received no personal message from Helen, and I have sent her none, because I believe she wants to stay quiet. I should like to say there is no personal feud between us. We are just two girls who have nothing in common."

A. B.

BATTLE of the BARGES

THE GREAT SEINE-OISE BARRAGE: How the French bargemen, by lashing their craft together, blocked all traffic on the River Oise during the recent strike on the Northern and Eastern waterways of France. Over 4,000 craft have been put out of action on the Seine and Oise alone, while the strikers constructed blockades at every strategic point on the system. At Conflans Ste. Honorine, where the barges had been bolted together, a fierce struggle between bargemen and gendarmes occurred, the latter at first being repulsed by a massed array of boathooks and poles. Eventually they managed to land on the barrage and, confining the defenders to their cabins, immediately cleared the river for navigation. Although there is a law imposing heavy fines for obstructing inland waterways, the strikers appeared to show no fear of its application. *Oval top*—Bargemen on the Oise strengthening their barrage in readiness for an attack by the gendarmerie

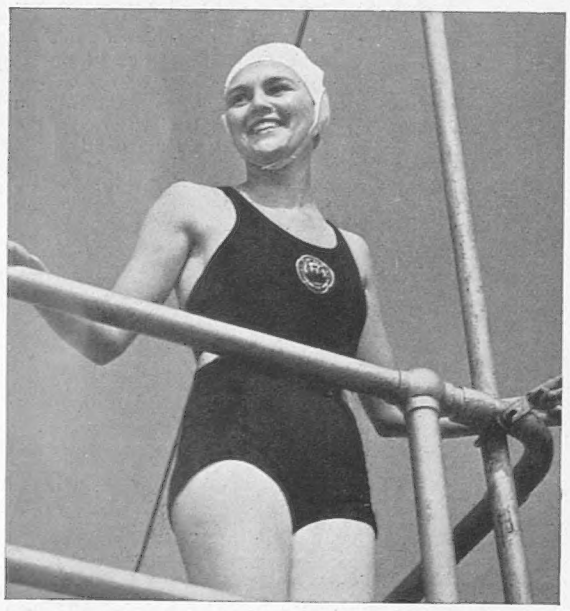
KEEPING THE ELBE NAVIGABLE: River workers launching one of the huge faggot bundles on which, when afloat, they are about to load and sink some thousands of tons of stones. It is only by this means that the shifting bed of the Elbe can be kept in control and the waterway made navigable for the great ocean liners travelling upstream to Hamburg

HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK

MISS SUNNY LOWRY who this week made a second and successful attempt to swim the Channel. She is seen with her trainer, Mr. Jabez Wolffe

THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR ENJOYS AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY: Signor Grandi with his wife, Signora Antoinetta Grandi, taking a stroll along the sands at Branksome Towers, near Bournemouth, with their children, Simonetta and Franco. The Ambassador and his wife are extremely popular in diplomatic circles

ARMADA IN MINIATURE: One of the four "Southampton" flying boats seen at Plymouth this week before the start of their 4,000 mile flight to Finland and back. The machines, which are making the journey in four "hops," will represent the Royal Air Force during "British Week." Each carries a crew of five



GALA DAY AT NORTH BERWICK POND: Miss Mary Lyall (Leith S.C.), winner of the East of Scotland Graceful Swimming Championship

A BIG HAUL OF TUNNY: Four of the North Sea giants, caught by Colonel Peel, waiting to be brought ashore at Scarborough. They averaged 500 lb. apiece

FIRE DOWN BELOW: Cars passing through the smoke near "The Devil's Punch Bowl," Surrey, where a serious heath fire started on Monday. Although traffic on the London–Portsmouth road was not held up, motorists experienced considerable difficulty in making their way through the affected area

LONDON NEWS

Condemned Dwellings in Chelsea—Developments near Marble Arch—Sightseeing on the Thames

HER CHELSEA BARRACKS: Mrs. Kent, a 74-years-old woman, who is partially paralysed, still continues to live at World's End Passage—a block of condemned houses off King's Road, Chelsea. The L.C.C. have ordered the demolition of the buildings and have provided alternative accommodation for those dispossessed. Mrs. Kent, however, remains faithful to what is left of her old home

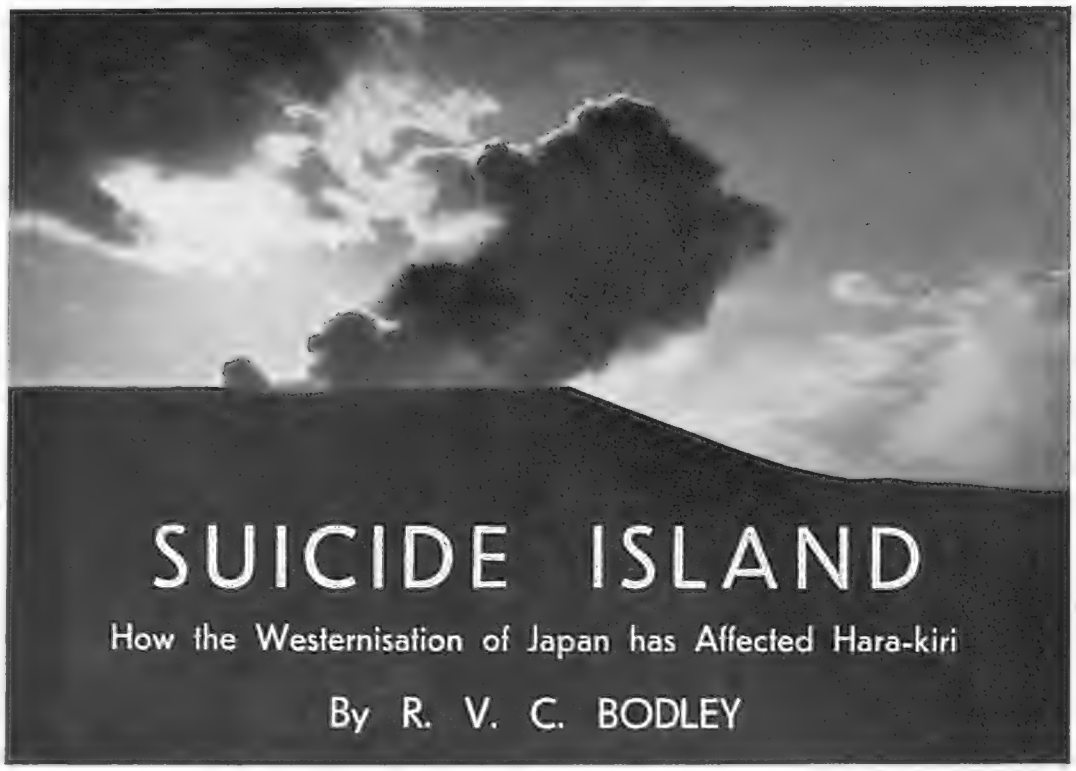
A CAMERA LOOKS BEHIND THE HOARDINGS: Excavations in progress on a site immediately opposite Messrs. Lyons' nearly completed Cumberland Hotel. The new block will consist largely of modern flats and shops

BLACKFRIARS JAM: Many hundreds of workers were delayed last week by a tram hold-up which stretched from Blackfriars Bridge to almost the entire length of Blackfriars Road. At one period a journey which normally occupies two minutes took several of the trams over an hour

WHEN THE OUTSIDE OF A HORSE IS GOOD FOR THE INSIDE OF A THEATRE: A policeman holds up the traffic for Lucky Blaze, the racehorse which appeared at the Palace Theatre last week during the initial presentation of a new turf film

'THE BRITANNIC," a submarine chaser during the war, has been converted by Captain C. F. Irving, R.N.R., into a river "charabanc" which takes trippers to see the sights of the Pool of London. The skipper walks the deck with a megaphone and points out to his passengers the many interesting sights which can really be seen only from the tideway

BILLINGSGATE LOOKS ON: Fish porters watching the removal of the wreck of a pile lighter which, while on its way to Custom House Pier, sank during the night under Tower Bridge. As the wreck was seriously obstructing traffic, Port of London Authority wreck lighters were immediately rushed to the spot to cope with the situation



SUICIDE ISLAND

How the Westernisation of Japan has Affected Hara-kiri

By R. V. C. BODLEY

A FASHIONABLE SUICIDE RESORT: The active volcano of Mount Mihara, Oshima Island, where over 165 suicides are said to have taken place during the first half of this year

Japan is, I suppose, the only country of the world in which suicide is regarded as an honourable method of departing this life. Generals, admirals, statesmen from time immemorial have gone to the next world by their own hands; the story of the deaths of the forty-seven Ronins is a classic which every Japanese child learns; and though the authorities are doing their utmost, nowadays, to curb the desires of thwarted lovers and unlucky business men to kill themselves, once the deed is accomplished no stigma is attached to the memory of the unfortunate suicide.

In olden days it was the custom for the man who had become weary of life to perform hara-kiri by the unpleasant and painful process of disembowelment with a short sword, but with the modernization of Japan there has been recourse to swifter methods. The prosaic or thrifty fling themselves in front of electric trains or turn on the gas, but generally speaking the picturesque atmosphere is regarded as an essential adjunct to voluntary death; and such places as the Kegon Waterfall, where Lake Chuzenji hurls itself from dense forests into the valley of Nikko, have been selected as a worthy setting for the final step into eternity. During the last few months, however, the Nikko area has lost favour in place of Mount Mihara, an active volcano rising out of the sea in the middle of Oshima, an island of some twenty-five miles in circumference, just outside Tokio Bay.

THE STEEL CRADLE in which members of the staff of a well-known Tokio daily paper investigated to a record depth of 1,250 ft. the interior of Mount Mihara crater. The bodies of numerous suicides were seen during this hazardous forty-five minutes descent through sulphurous fumes and amid frequent volcanic eruptions

This place had previously been used occasionally for sinister purposes, but became a really fashionable suicide resort early in the year, when two young Japanese girls, Mieko San and Masako San, graduates from one of the best schools in Tokio, scaled Mihara Yama where, after composing and writing a poem, Mieko bade farewell to Masako, explaining to her friend that ever since a visit to Oshima some months before "she had felt awed by the magnificent beauty of Mihara, and wanted to hurl her body into its pit and vanish for ever from this earth in the smoke which issued from the crater."

Masako would not at first believe that her friend spoke seriously, but on realizing that she was in earnest tried to dissuade her, but to no avail, and Mieko, with a last injunction that the story of her death should be kept a secret, plunged into the sulphurous mists issuing from the crater. For some time after this Masako kept her promise until, one day breaking down, she confided in another schoolgirl called Kiyyoko San. Kiyyoko was greatly impressed by what she heard, and not long after persuaded Masako, under threat of exposing the whole story, to lead her to the top of Mihara where, after a few moments of meditation, she hurled herself into the rumbling crater.

The police, however, had noticed Masako ascend the volcano on a previous occasion with a companion and descend alone, so when this happened a second time she was stopped and cross-examined until she confessed. The story was largely circulated in the Press and started a suicide craze, it being estimated that 165 persons did away with themselves on Mount Mihara during the first half of 1933 in the presence of eye-witnesses, and as many more in secret; in fact it was rumoured that business in this line was so brisk that the steamship company had to put on an extra boat on the run from Tokio to accommodate those seeking after death!

It takes nearly six hours on the small steamer from Tokio Quay to Motomura, the port of debarkation at Oshima, and about three hours to climb the mountain, so with halts for food and rest there may be twelve hours of suspense between the actual departure of the would-be suicide and his final leap into the crater. I may add here, at the risk of spoiling the special-boat-for-suicides story, that the majority of Japanese who climb Mount Mihara do so with the most innocent motives of sight-seeing, for in addition to the volcano, Oshima is one of the most beautiful of the Japanese islands.

The vegetation is luxuriant, and suggestive almost of the tropics, which is due, I suppose, to its situation in the midst of Japan's Gulf Stream which runs up from the Pacific. Hydrangeas, in gorgeous clusters of pale blue, pink, and white, grow not only round the villages but along the roads and lanes in place of hedges; azaleas cover the hillsides, and wherever one looks there are camellias.

Not long ago a well-known Tokio daily paper, *The Yomiuri Shimbun*, decided to dispel the idea that Mihara Yama was a special spot destined by the gods as the final resting-place for all those tired of life, and organized an expedition to examine the interior of the crater. A number of preliminary experiments were made until finally a party, composed entirely of members of the staff of this newspaper, left Tokio and took up their headquarters in Oshima. In the meanwhile a steel compartment, resembling a pepper-pot with an aperture all round and large enough to accommodate two people, had been constructed, and a crane carrying a 1,500 foot cable erected not far from the edge of the crater. The assistant news editor and the staff photographer of *The Yomiuri Shimbun* had during this time been experimenting as to the clothing and protective measures against heat which should be adopted during the descent, and eventually decided on gas masks similar to those worn in the army, with helmets and outer garments made of asbestos.

A large crowd assembled on the summit of the volcano on the morning on which it had been decided to make the experiment and, to resounding "Banzai," the two journalists entered the cage and were lowered into the crater. For some distance the little white box could be seen disappearing into the haze of sulphurous steam, then the swirling vapour closed over it as it vanished into the abyss.

A depth of 805 ft. was the record established by a French seismological scientist who was lowered into the crater of Stromboli, so that when the cable of the crane above Mihara passed that figure a cry went up from the anxious multitude. Still there was no call for the cage to be pulled up, and it was not until 1,250 ft. had been reached that the downward progress stopped and the cable began to be wound in. By the time the two daring journalists reached the outer earth once more they had been inside the crater for forty-five minutes. Neither did they look the worse for their ordeal. The heat at a depth of 1,250 ft. they described as great but not intolerable, and if they did not venture lower it was that eruptions which occurred every five minutes were beginning to shake their cage so violently that they feared the swaying would break the cable; each eruption was accompanied by terrific reports resembling the firing of hundreds of machine guns. About 700 ft. below the surface of the earth the first suicide's body was seen, a young man caught on a ledge of rock. A little lower down were two young girls, which demonstrated that to fall direct into the lava was purely a matter of luck, the crater after its first few hundred feet of concavity narrowing down like a funnel. The bodies seen were much mutilated and, as the journalist put it: "Who is now to believe that suicide in the so-called sacred volcano is a beautiful thing to end the life of a female?"

These observations were given much publicity, but with apparently little of the desired effect, as a few days after the descent into the crater a young Japanese man flung himself into Mihara merely because he was ashamed of his small stature. In fact I do not suppose that anything will stop what is in reality part of a national characteristic. It is not that the Japanese people are gloomy, quite the reverse; but if they imagine that they have done something shameful, be it as unimportant as failing in an examination, or suffer in love, or feel themselves held up to ridicule, to their death they will go by some means or another.

Mount Mihara is at present the fashionable place for such sinister purposes, but next year it may be somewhere at the other end of Japan; distance or expense in reaching the destination does not seem to matter when it is a question of suicide.

THE COAST OF OSHIMA: The little island outside Tokio Bay which has become the fashionable last resort of Japanese suicides

SOCIETY in FASHIONABLE BIARRITZ

A Gallery of Personalities

L'APÉRITIF: Sunburnt society shelters in the shade of a beach bar—a novel attraction in the popular Basses-Pyrénées resort

BRONZING ON BIARRITZ BEACH: Major and Mrs. Henty sunning in the Southern sunshine

SEASIDE SIESTA: A group on the beach including Commander and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Baron de Segur, Mr. Rediker, the Marquese de Marino, Miss Jessie Story, and the Marquesa de Marino

HIGHLIGHTS OF SOCIETY IN THE SHADE: Baroness Furness and the Marchesa de Portago sheltering from the mid-day sun

COCKTAIL CONFIDENCES: Miss Sonia Converse and Madame Provatorov reading the news from home in one of Biarritz's famous beach bars

IN THE DIETRICH STYLE: Miss Winifred Paget and Mr. J. N. Tinker

THE CONSTITUTIONAL: Miss Ginette Hart and Mrs. Edward Hart

STARS IN THE SUN: Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge

TANNED TO A TURN: Miss Florence Owen and Miss Lucille Browaw

Biarritz, one of the most cosmopolitan of all resorts, is once again enjoying its late summer influx of fashionable visitors. The Prince of Wales, who has always had a particular liking for the Basque coast has, if possible, made the season an even more brilliant one, his presence attracting many more visitors than usual and filling the hotels to capacity

THE ANNUAL HIGHLAND GATHERING AT BELLABEG PARK, STRATHDON, ABERDEENSHIRE: The clansmen headed by their chieftain, Captain Sir John Stewart Forbes, and Allister Wallace of Candacraig, marching towards the park. During the past fortnight the annual games have been in full swing throughout the Highlands

SCENES AT THE

ROYALTY TO

STRATHARDLE HIGHLAND GATHERING, which was first instituted in 1871, was held recently at Aldchlappie, Kirkmichael, Perthshire. The procession of games officials, headed by the chieftain, Sir Michael Nairn, and the standard bearer, marched to the field from the local schoolhouse. Sir Michael has a country home both at Elie, Fifeshire, and Blairgowrie, Perthshire

A ROYAL VISIT TO SKYE: The Duke and Duchess of York are expected on the island during the second week in September when they will open a new school hostel at Portree. During their stay they will be the guests of The Macleod of Macleod at his historic home, Dunvegan Castle. The above picture illustrates the unusual mountain scenery of the island

THE CLIFFS AT PORTREE: It was in this region that Prince Charles Edward found refuge from the pursuing British troops, the rugged and cavernous nature of the rocks affording him complete security. In summer, the East Coast fisheries near Portree yield a rich harvest for the inhabitants who come from all parts of the island to obtain their winter stores

HISTORIC DUNVEGAN CASTLE, which for centuries has been the island home of The Macleod of Macleod. It was here that Dr. Johnson "tasted lotus" in 1773, and that some forty years later Sir Walter Scott slept as an honoured guest in the "Fairy Room." The castle stands on a headland amid some of the island's most beautiful scenery

PORTREE; The capital and business centre of the Skye group of islands where preparations are now being made for the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. The town is picturesquely situated and was once noted for the number of private soldiers it contributed to the British Army. During the wars with France over 10,000 troops are said to have been mustered

HIGHLAND GAMES

VISIT HISTORIC SKYE

THE HIGHLAND REEL: Scottish dancers performing at Crieff Highland Gathering (Perthshire) which was held before a large crowd in the famous Market Park. The Earl of Breadalbane, who also bears the interesting title of Baronet of Nova Scotia, acted as chieftain

THE PIPING JUDGES at Crieff Highland Gathering. Left to right—Mr. Euan McDiarmid of Edinburgh, Captain F. M. Richardson (Lenzie), Mr. Colin Campbell Mitchell (Edinburgh), and Mr. Innes Stewart (Aberlady)

SOCIETY CONVERGES ON DEESIDE FOR THE ABOYNE SHEEPDOG TRIALS: Lady Glentanar (third from left) arriving with her daughter, the Hon. Jean Coats. On the extreme right are Miss Wanda Thoresen, Lady Elizabeth Murray, and Miss Ricardo

LADY GLENTANAR'S PARTY WATCHING THE ABOYNE TRIALS: Left to right—Miss Wanda Thoresen (Lady Glentanar's sister), Lady Elizabeth Murray (daughter of the Earl of Dunmore), Miss Ricardo, Mrs. Thoresen, the Hon. Jean Coats, the Dowager Lady Glentanar, Miss Mary Wellesley, Mr. Knapp, and Lord Mornington

CAPTAIN SIR JOHN STEWART FORBES, of Ben Newe, Strathdon, with his fiancée, Miss Wilson Farquharson, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel David Wilson Farquharson, at Lonach Highland Gathering

AIRLIE HIGHLAND GAMES: The Dowager Countess of Airlie with Major and Mrs. Crombie. Lady Airlie's Scottish home is at Kirriemuir, Angus

MR. CRICHTON-STUART, Lord Dunedin, and Lord and Lady Tiverton watching the Aboyne sheepdog trials which took place on Deeside a few days ago. Lord Dunedin, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, is seen with his cine-camera

COUNTRY IMMORTALIZED BY THOMAS HARDY: A delightful view of the Dorset coast between Lyme Regis and Weymouth. Golden Cap, the little hill in the centre background, is a noted county landmark

TELLING the WORLD

An Efficient Organization which, in Spite of Inadequate Support, is Making Known to Foreigners the Charms and Industrial Facilities of Britain

By CHARLES GRAVES

For more than a hundred years, in fact ever since Napoleon made the remark, Great Britain did its best to live down to its reputation as "a nation of shopkeepers." It was only in 1929, at the suggestion of Captain Douglas Hacking when Minister for Overseas Trade, that any attempt was made to publicise on the Continent, and in fact throughout the world, the travel and industrial charms of this country. Even now the importance of attracting foreign manufacturers to build factories in this country, and the foreign visitors to spend their holidays here, has not been realized yet to any intelligent extent by local bodies. France in particular, as well as Germany and Italy, reckon on millions of pounds a year being spent by holiday makers in their countries. Special grants of very large sums are made by the various Governments to influence foreigners to visit them. That this has been money well spent is proved by the numbers of us English people who spend holiday after holiday abroad instead of in Great Britain.

The only body here which is authorized officially to attract visitors is the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland, which, as I say, is only four years old. Its income is pathetic when one considers the importance of its work. The original grant from the Government was £5,000 a year. This was rapidly reduced to £4,000. The four railway companies of Great Britain reduced their subscription from £1,000 a year each to £800 a year each; £2,000 a year is given by shipping companies, and one way and another the ridiculous figure of £24,000 has been laboriously compiled. Much of this is the direct result of the Association's own efforts in getting the Local Authorities' Publicity Act passed in 1931. Until then no local authority was allowed to spend any money from the rates on advertising. To-day this is permissible up to the limit of a ½d. rate on overseas advertising through an organization approved by the Minister of Health, which is in fact the Travel and Industrial Development Association.

When it comes down to brass tacks, you will find that no town gives more than a farthing of the rates. A quarter of this sum—one sixteenth of a penny—is used for keeping the Association going. Three-quarters of it is spent in direct overseas advertising for the benefit of the town itself incidentally.

I hope that this article will be drawn to the attention of the Town Councillors of York, Winchester, Salisbury, Weymouth, Worthing, Oxford, and Cambridge in particular. York, despite its stained-glass windows, its cathedral, and its picturesque history, says that it is not in the least interested in foreign visitors. I am told there is not even an information bureau for those foreigners who take the trouble to go there. The city refuses to subscribe a penny to the Association. It is the same with Winchester, Salisbury, Weymouth, and Worthing, and many other important places. Cambridge gives an exiguous and entirely nominal grant of 20 guineas a year. So far, Oxford has given nothing at all. Now at last in the next few days it is making up its mind whether it will not change its mind—a typical attitude for the city of Lost Causes.

Norwich, Glastonbury, Brighton, Ripon, Ilkley, Dover, Hastings, Torquay, Bath, and Portsmouth are examples of slightly more enterprising town councils. Southampton, the gateway of England, refuses stubbornly to spend anything.

The Association consists of thirteen typists and seven executives in the office at 1, Pall Mall East. It has offices in New York, Paris, and Buenos Ayres, as well as part-time patriots in the way of representatives in various Continental capitals. At the moment the London office is in full blast. All kinds of tourists are coming here as the result of its propaganda. The Germans apparently prefer the Isle of Wight because of its associations with the ex-Kaiser. The French like to go to Brighton and Eastbourne. The Dutch are more adventurous and visit Wales and Yorkshire. When the Germans go farther afield than Shanklin, they prove themselves to be remarkably well-informed and wish to see the Norman archway of some tiny village of which even the local experts have never heard. The Scandinavians like Bath and are also discovering Devonshire. The Americans prefer Scotland and Warwickshire. The French also have a hankering for the Tidworth Tattoo and the Rochester Pageant. This year, quite incorrectly, the Tricolour was flown from Rochester Castle and the Marseillaise was played so often that, on their return to Paris, the visitors said that they had had a *journée inoubliable*.

The scope of the Association is quite remarkable. It provides an hotel guide—the only complete one of this country—of which a hundred thousand copies are being circulated. It prints half-a-million copies of a calendar of events in three foreign languages. It gives broadcast talks from stations all over the world. Sound and silent films are shown overseas, and it takes stands at all the important exhibitions abroad. The Prince of Wales last year said that it was a mistake to suppose that publicity for travel and for industry were entirely different things, and that the Association was one of the most important publicity agents of this country. If anybody knows about the importance of selling Great Britain to the world it is the Prince himself.

One of the most important functions of the Association is to arrange co-operative pages of advertising in foreign newspapers. Few English towns would care to spend enough money to take more than a small insertion in a foreign newspaper; but when amalgamated with a dozen others it is quite simple to get a fine spread. These advertisements appear in the newspapers of dozens of different foreign countries in the local language. Here, for example, is an advertisement about Brighton in Danish:

> "Besog Britannien og kom til. Brighton. Havets By, badet i Solen. Det mest kosmopolitiske af de britiske Badesteder, men et Udtryk for selve Britannien."

The effect of this publicity, constricted as it must be by the tiny funds at its disposal, is already most marked. Last year, for example, the week-end and day excursionists from the Continent increased from 11,000 in the previous year to 30,000. There will be a still bigger increase for 1933. It is true that there was a drop of 14,000 American visitors compared with 1931, but in view of the Wall Street slump the drop is insignificant, especially as the decrease of visitors to France from America over the same period was something like 35 per cent. compared with our 7 per cent. Actually, the visitors from France, Belgium, and Holland to this country last year increased by several thousands; and the visitors from the Dominions and Colonies have been more or less doubled in the last two years. In April–June of this year alone, there was an increase of over four thousand.

The Association does many other things, however, besides inducing visitors to come to this

(Continued on p. 384)

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER: Where the Continental visitor so often catches his first glimpse of England

ENOUGH SEED TO SOW TWELVE ACRES: Tobacco plants in seed on a farm near Church Crookham, Hampshire, where a fine summer has produced an excellent crop

TOBACCO GROWING

Tobacco culture in England has never assumed very great proportions, but since 1886, when the first serious experiments were made, there has always been a steady supply of the home-grown product. Although English soil is not ideal for the purpose a fair quality leaf can nearly always be obtained, while it has been found that the short summer just allows sufficient time for the crop to ripen. The best tobacco is usually found in Hampshire, where the climate is particularly conducive to rapid growth and where the land is sufficiently rich to meet the needs of the young plants.

READY FOR CURING: Loading tobacco plants on a wagon at Church Crookham before their removal to the sheds where they will undergo the first process of manufacture

CUTTING TEAZEL HEADS, for use in the Yorkshire cloth mills, at Elmstone Hardwicke, near Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire

THE TEAZEL HARVEST

The teazel, which is a half herbaceous and half shrubby exogenous plant, has been used from the earliest days in the woollen mills of the industrial North as a means of raising the nap on cloth. No mechanical contrivance has yet been found to equal it, the hooked points and the elasticity of the bracts being admirably adapted for the purpose. The plant, which thrives mostly on the Continent, is also cultivated with considerable success in Somerset, Gloucestershire, and Yorkshire. The seed is sown in March, but the heads are not ready to be cut until August of the following year.

THE TEAZEL HARVEST: Workers at Elmstone Hardwicke with a fine crop of teazel heads

VALUABLE TROPICAL LILIES under cultivation in one of the larger Enfield nurseries

A WATER LILY NURSERY

Britain produces three species of water lily, but many hundreds of tropical and sub-tropical varieties are cultivated in nurseries throughout the country. The accompanying pictures were taken at Enfield, where the delicate plants are grown under ideal hot-house conditions. In order to keep the water "balanced," as the growers term it, and free from impurities which might check the development of the plants, many thousands of goldfish are placed in the ponds, where they carry out a task which otherwise might involve very heavy expenditure.

FIRST YEAR LILIES IN AN OPEN-AIR POND: Another view taken at an Enfield nursery

BUTTERFLY FARMING: A general view of Mr. L. Hugh Newman's farm at Bexley, Kent, showing the sleeves where the insects transform from chrysalides and caterpillars to butterflies

THE WORLD'S QUEEREST TRADE

There could hardly be a stranger calling than that of butterfly farming, but Mr. L. Hugh Newman carries on this unusual means of gaining a livelihood at Bexley, Kent, where he breeds tens of thousands of the insects for schools, museums, collectors, and for experimental purposes. Mr. Newman has invented a process whereby he can preserve the beautiful colourings of the insect for decorative use. There was a time when butterfly collecting was more a matter of æsthetic than scientific enthusiasm—just another phase of the mania for "owning things." In a measure this may still be true to-day, but, judging from the many requests Mr. Newman receives for species suitable for experimental purposes, the butterfly must clearly be regarded as a highly important medium for biological research.

ONE OF THE MUSLIN "SLEEVES" which are used for housing the butterflies. It is placed over a tree or shrub and protects the insects from birds and other enemies

COUNTRY NEWS

From All Quarters

"THE LILT OF SHIFTING FEET": Holidaymakers on the Cornish coast flocked into the little fishing village of Looe last week to take part in the ancient and picturesque Furry Dance. This great annual event is of much the same origin as the Helston Floral Dance which takes place in the Spring. Here, all the young men and women of the village, dressed in their best for the occasion, dance in the streets and in and out of the houses, spreading on their way good fortune for the ensuing year

A MENACE TO MOTORISTS: Large numbers of Dartmoor ponies have lately been straying on the main roads and greatly hindering the passage of traffic. Only a few days ago a fatal accident occurred near Yelverton as the result of a pony jumping into the road, while several motorists on Dartmoor have reported narrow escapes

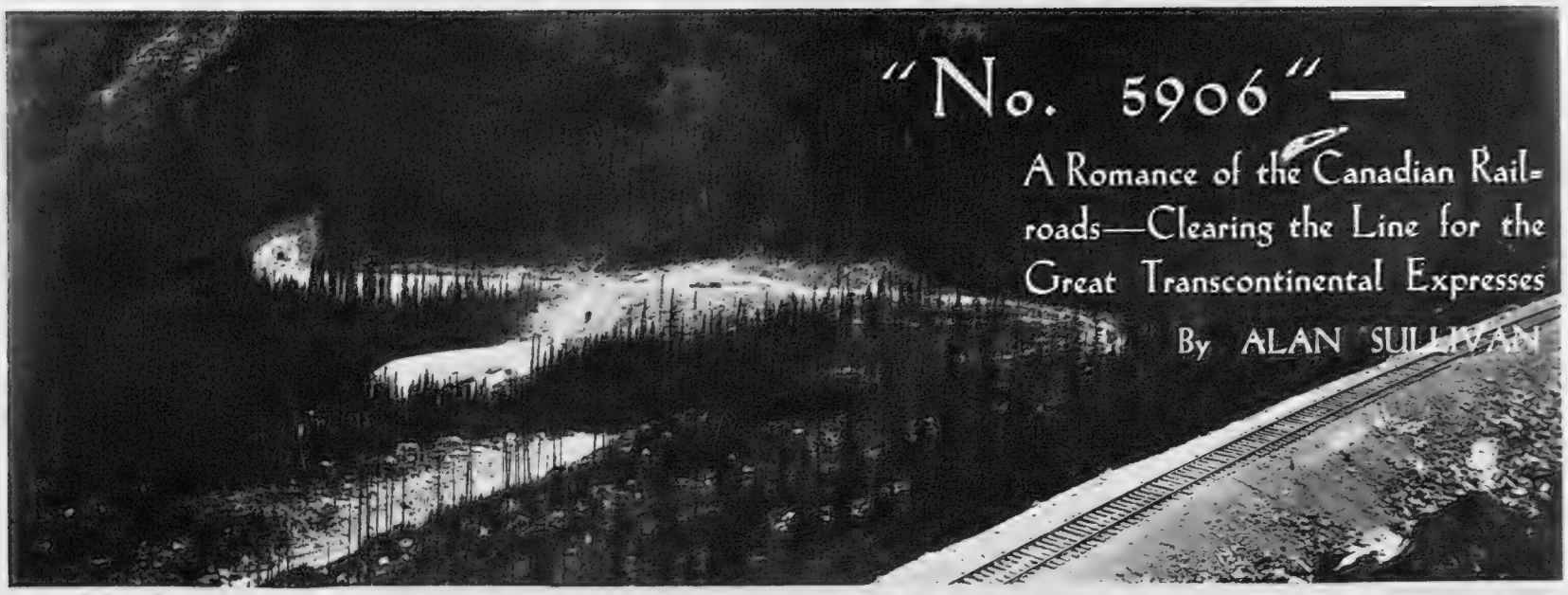
THE SAME TROUBLE: Ponies crossing the main Bournemouth–Southampton highway through the New Forest where, under an ancient by-law, they are allowed to roam at will and, evidently, to take their own time

ANOTHER MYSTERY SOLVED: Several people in the little village of Foyers, Inverness-shire, have lately reported having seen in Loch Ness a great sea monster resembling a horse. Certain sections of the Press, always eager for news in August, duly reported the matter. Some days ago, however, the mystery was solved when a curiously shaped tree trunk of considerable dimensions was washed ashore on the south side of the Loch. In conformation it resembled in close detail the strange beast which people had seen plunging in the waters, its fearsome wooden head being certainly calculated to inspire alarm

FRANCISCAN FRIARS AND CLERGY crossing the moat into Harvington Hall, near Kidderminster, on the occasion of a Catholic service and pilgrimage in honour of Blessed John Wall, the Worcestershire martyr who died in 1679. This district was the scene of the greater part of his work

THE ANNUAL SHEEP DRIVE on Black Mountain, Camarthenshire. The flocks are rounded up on horseback and brought into the valleys for dipping. This picture was taken just after sunrise

A FLOCK OF SHEEP being moved from the moors in Wharfedale where they are not allowed to remain during the grouse shooting. In the background are the old ruins of Barden Towers



"No. 5906"—

A Romance of the Canadian Railroads—Clearing the Line for the Great Transcontinental Expresses

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Rounding a curve, "Engine No. 5906," with Williamson at the throttle, tilted the least shade and laid her great bulk to the shining rails like a questing hound. She was a leviathan, and with her tender weighed no less than 370 tons. Beneath her boiler yawned a vast brick-lined firebox into which atomized oil was driven by vaporized steam, and through a small vent one could stare into this incandescent cavity. It maintained a hoarse, continuous roar like that of some prisoned Behemoth. It generated a white heat that would melt metal. It was a sort of mechanical hell of over 2,000 degrees. And it was controlled without effort when Roy McKay shifted a small lever a fraction of an inch.

Behind "5906" trailed thirteen coaches resembling a long snake of gleaming bronze with a joint at about every hundred feet. Hundreds of plate glass windows glittered in the sun, while hundreds of passengers pursued the normal occupations of life, hardly aware that they were in transit. A business man dictated to his secretary, others listened to the wireless programme, they read, they played cards, women knitted as they glanced out of the windows, and hour after hour "No. 5906" whirled her 1,000-ton train through high mountain passes, burrowed under towering and naked ridges, penetrated dark, columnar forests, and flung itself across fairylike steel bridges that spanned jagged canyons at the bottom of which milky rivers tore themselves to bits amongst titanic fragments from the lonely peaks above.

Train No. 4 was on time.

Sitting in the cab opposite Williamson, whose steady, goggled eyes never left the gleaming track ahead, noting the massive certitude of McKay's very slightest movement, and feeling beneath one the tremor of the prodigious power they controlled with such calm assurance, the whole performance would have seemed obvious and simple did one not possess some further knowledge of the years of toil and stress and sweat which had brought all this about; and, thinking of these things, the scene seemed to change and one got a glimpse of the same men herding their 1,000-ton train through these same gorges on a thick mid-winter night.

No mountain tops are visible, for the air is crowded with driving snow, an impalpable blanket into which the rays of the electric headlight strike and are immediately lost. Nothing is seen ahead but this blind and drifting wall. There is snow on the rail, so that the great drivers have not their customary grip, and "5906" shudders through her mighty frame as she bites desperately at the frozen steel. The roar of her furnace is even hoarser now, much steam is needed for heating, and McKay has shifted his fuel lever to a higher notch. The rumble of the train is softened, muffled in a world of snow, and Williamson, staring tensely with his fireman into the drifting wall, watches for the blink of a signal that should presently reach him. His face is a mask, for he is aware that his own life and the lives of those slumbering passengers behind him are in the hands of men whom he cannot see. Suddenly, almost overhead, it swims into view, the faintest point of green in all this murk. "Clear road!" he says curtly." Clear road!" grunts McKay, who has also spotted it.

Now there be difficulties and dangers many in building a railway through mountain ranges, but that is another story, and the object of this article is to give the casual traveller some small idea of what is involved in the safe operation of such a road after it is built; and in dealing with this aspect, at once it becomes clear that the word "after" is not entirely correct, for such a road is never finally completed.

SNOW PACKED INTO A SOLID MASS beside the track after a wedge plough had cleared the passage of a heavy drift

WHERE THE TRACK IS IN CONSTANT PERIL: A Canadian railroad threading its way through the passes and tunnels of the great Rocky Mountain barrier dividing British Columbia from the plains of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Landslides and moving snow are the almost unconquerable enemies of the railway engineer

Man never really *conquers* the mountains. He wheedles, conciliates, persuades, and dodges them, but that is the best he can do, and remains always conscious that he is faced by giant forces that humanity will never control, and in a season of the year they will be launched against him. His object, therefore, is to escape, not defeat, and as experience brings him greater knowledge of his cosmic adversary he will re-align his track, as far as the nature of the ground permits, or burrow underground to avoid peril on the surface.

In the Selkirks and Rockies, where the accompanying pictures were taken, snow and rock slides form the greatest dangers to maintenance of track. These, beginning at a great altitude, are, in the case of snow, generally due to rain or mild weather, such as is brought by the "chinook," or south-west wind, so weighting down the upper layer that it begins to slip. As it slips, it grows, incorporating with itself more snow, loose rock, boulders, gravel, and whole sections of forest, till in a few moments it may cover many acres and literally be transformed into a solid and roaring river of irresistible momentum.

This moving snowfield, which had begun with some tumbling alabaster cornice high up in regions where only the golden eagle and mountain goat are at home, ploughs its way downward, obliterating all that confronts it, snapping off great trees like matches, and driving before it a blast that levels standing timber as though cut by a scythe. Nothing can give a better picture of the terrific forces thus set loose than the sight of these fallen giants, prostrated by the snowslide's deadly breath. Down shoots the mass, thousands of feet, plunging into the valley, damming the mountain torrent, and hoisting itself often far up the opposing slope.

To escape this peril to his track, the engineer builds over it what are called "snowsheds," these being wooden structures, very heavily framed with sloping roofs so placed and anchored in the line of a possible slide, that the latter, which always comes without warning, glances over this timber apron and spills itself harmlessly into the gulf below.

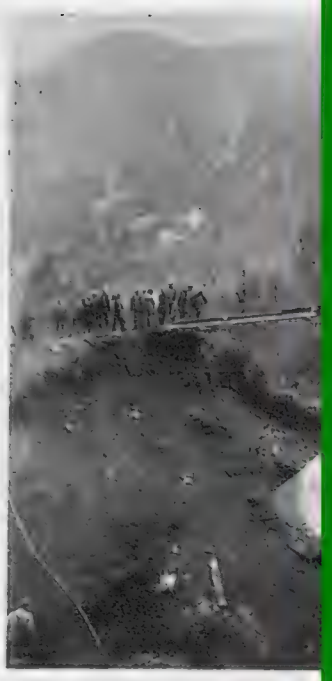
A further element of danger when clearing the line from avalanches is the probability of a second following close on the first. In March 1910, sixty-three men, all servants of the line, were killed in just this way, and so serious were the risk and expense of maintaining traffic over this section, with heavy grades running beneath vast fields of snow, that the engineer was forced underground to drive the Connaught Tunnel. This great double track tube, the longest in Canada,

(Continued on p. 366)

WHERE WILLIAMSON AND McKAY WORK "No. 5906"

The rugged grandeur of the great Rocky Mountain barrier

THE MOUNTAIN DIVISION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



HAVOC IN THE MOUNTAINS: T
which lifted the stream 40 ft.
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Above—ONC
ing away
on the

Left—WHERE
path of a
starting
distant,
temporar

AN AVALANCHE OF ROCKS AND LUMBER: Starting, perhaps, with the displacement of one large boulder the
until rocks covering an enormous area are gradually released and, sweeping down the mountain, push befor
path. The force is so great that standing timber is levelled and splintered into matchwood in a few secon
around is charged with millions of particles of grit